WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 27 —VOL XVII NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1805 NO. 861.

JESSY HAWTHORN.

(From the Tourifications of Malachi Meldrum.)

(CONCLUDED)

"THE morning however came; the clouds began to be dispersed, and here and there a star sparkled red in the troubled sky. I was shaking the icicles from my hair, and preparing to return, when at a considerable distance, on the skirting side of the hill, I perceived something like a cottage half buried in snow. We know not happiness til we partake of misery—this was a palace to my hopes. I hastened to the cottage, and with a light resolved heart lifted the latch; but I was very sadly checked on seeing it without inhabitants, and the floor sprinkled with snow, many inches deep. I thought however that, at worst, it would be a resting place for my exhausted horse and myself; so I went forward.

"But how shall I go on, my child! I had seen death in almost every dreadful form; but till then my feelings had never met their proof.

"At the farther end of the cottage sat a little girl about thy age; her head was reclining on her arm, and the anguish of her sighs seemed to rend her to pieces. O! it was poor Jessy Hawthorn. She looked eagerly to the bed beside her, and in the bitterness of affliction she cried out, "O death! these are the monuments of thy power—O my God! is my unbounded misery reconcileable to thy wisdom and goodness, or am I in the mighty scale of Providence forgotten? Then approaching me with a look of ancient friendship and unassuming confidence, she took me by the hand. This seemed to add a new thrill to her heart; and with almost a stupefied kind of tenderness, she led me to the scene of all her sorrows.—Pointing to the bed before her, and, with a convulsive kind of manner, "This," said she "is my father, this is my mother, and that pretty little boy beside them is my brother Edward. O lookest thou so pale, my Edward! he was a lovely boy, and if they were not good—O my God! the bleating lamb was not more innocent than they. The few inhabitants of our hills almost envied us our happiness, for the sun never set on an aching or an angry heart in our cottage. But, alas! they have left me a lonely inhabitant of the desert; and the Power which they taught me to revere—O! is it possible?—seems to have forsaken me. Parent of good! cried she wringing her hands together in agony, "O mingle me with my friends, less unbounded wretchedness and misery reconcile me to the efforts of evil and of despair."—Here her gentle voice, toned to its utmost, suddenly died away, and I thought her exhausted frame was dissolved for ever. But the thread of her sorrows was yet far from being stretched to the utmost. She recovered; and I sat down beside her, and used every means to comfort her. Something like composure, but not entirely so, was gradually resumed in her face; and her eyes, though with the utmost timidity, seemed to penetrate every avenue to my heart.—God alone could direct her to look, when she placed her little trembling hand in mine.

"I will tell you, if I am able, the story of our little Edward," said she; "and of my father and mother too, if you will listen to me. I think you are good and will assist me in the last offices to——O Thou! and he knows"—"He knows," said I, "the hand which withholds its succour from thee, ought to be withered for ever." I shall not try to describe to thee, Harry, the expression of her gratitude—I hope it will be the last thing to escape from my memory.

"My poor Edward," said she with a collected strength, "had been long ill of some kind of fever; the herbs of the mountain afforded him no relief; and his anxious mother had long mourned over his decay. Three days ago my father, long acquainted with the presages of the weather, went out to see after his flocks, and to shelter them from the storm which he expected, and was to return before the setting in of night. The evening came, but he did not return; and that night, after a terrible struggle, poor Edward died. Oh, how his convulsed eye looked down upon his mother and me! Throughout the night my tender mother wept over her little Edward; or went to the thern above the house, and lowned for my father.

"In the break of the morning she returned from the hill; her face was pale as death, and her soul overpowered within her. She said—O mercy! she had no longer the look or manner of my mother—she said, she had seen the ghost of her father; her husband's was beside it, and the children of the desert were rejoicing around.—Alas, my Jessy! said she, when the spirits of the night, shrieking round our cottage, announced thy brother's death, we were strong, an dwould not understand them; but now, the bodings of my heart assure me, that soon, oh soon! wilt thou be an orphan. Thy father has perished on the mountains, and thy mother cannot long survive him. He was the fairest, and the best of men; his soul was a ray of light with which the angels of Heaven will not now be ashamed to mingle. The world owed him something better than his cottage: but he was disgusted with it, and wished to fly from its follies; but they grew, he said, and flourished in the wilderness. O Charles! were I able, I would seek thee on the mountains, and die beside thee: but my heart beats feebie within me, and the hand of death is busily closing my eyelids for ever. The last tear is on my cheek, O my Charles! and a few moments hence, I will meet my Edward and thee. Farewell then, my Jessy! thou art left alone, my child: dreadful is thy prospect: but trust thou, the finger of Providence, though thou hast seen its dismal operations, worketh, when it is good, with kindness even in the wilderness. Farewell.——"

"The last words faultered on her colorless lips. She died, and if my feelings had been as fine as hers, I would not have been long behind her." With an idle histeric kind of smile, she said, "My baiting place must thus have been uncommon and uncomfortable." Instantly however collecting herself, "I was thinking," continued she, "of the still and awful scene beside me, and of the vindictive spirit which had spared me in the ruins of my family, when my father, feeble and exhausted, lifted up the latch, and entered the cottage. How could I bear all this? I thought it was his ghost: and shrieking, fled from his arms.—What ails my child? said he; it is thy father, Jessy: where is thy mother, and where is thy brother Edward? Speak, my child: there is much sorrow and sadness in thy countenance; is thy dying father terrible to thee?—Talk not to me of death, I returned: my young heart scarcely throbs beneath its sufferings and its sorrows; and will thou leave me also, O my father! look round thee to that bed, and amidst all thy anguish, if it is possible for thee, think of thyself and of thy helpless child.—He turned to the bed: no tear sparkled in his eye, his whole frame seemed on the eve of dissolution; and void distraction settled on his countenance.—O death! said he, thou hast been cruel indeed; but thy threat'ning arm bears no terrors to me! Thou alone canst unbind my heavy fetters, and place me on the beam to carry me where my fate rest is happy. Bear me, my feeble limbs, to that dreary dismal bed, where I shall rest for ever from my sorrows: and where a faithless world will haunt me no more. Farewell, my Jessy! thou art the shadowy remnant of thy Family; my dying heart returns unto thee, and bleeds over thy abundant misery; but the hand that bruises thee can heal thee still. Judge not of the sufferings of others; these may be an atonement for thee.—Farewell, my child, O my daughter; and may the blessings which have been denied to thy parents, descend upon thee! but live not to be a shade in their memory, or a monument in thy own disgrace.——

"Soon after, he expired; and left me, as you see, destitute of every thing which can attach me to the world; surrounded with every thing that can alarm the awakened and disturbed imagination; and my reason fading beneath unavailing and encreasing grief. The grave, said she, the grave, the refuge of the broken heart, withholds its gloomy succour; the tear once on the cheek continues to furrow it away; and the world—the world knows not how to twine a garland for a brow aching like mine. Saw ye my father's ghost?—surely his robe was white, and blessed angels around him; or are you a friend y spirit sent by my mother to carry me to my little Edward? Alas, how I wander!"

"I took the little cherub by the hand," said the weeping old man.—

"Hard-fated Jessy! shall I be the minister of Providence to alleviate thy distress—and wilt thou leave the desert with me! I will be a father and a mother and a brother to thee. When the tear starts, I will tenderly wipe it away; and when thy slumbers are broken, the eye of friendship shall watch over thee. Social life and smiling kindness shall heal thy bleeding wounds, and in time enable thee to forget that thou wert wretched. No duty shall be forgotten to thy departed friends: I will return with my friends; and we will raise a humble tombstone over their graves, to rescue their memory and uncommon fate awhile from oblivion."

"As I had already seen the extravagance of her grief, and feared its return, I waited not the reply of her artless gratitude, and the anguish of a solemn seperation, but hurried her away from the wretched cottage.

"Since then, my Harry, I have struggled, with a father's love, to wrench the arrow from her heart, and to blot the gloomy scene for ever from her memory; but I have struggled in vain. The meek eye of adoration, and the gentle spirit and esteem, have not been able to dry up her tears, and to restore her to the world and to me.

'Unhappy Jessy!' said the generous old man, "could the last throb of my aged heart give peace to thine, I would sink smiling into the grave, and think the last act of my life was worth it all."

After many a sigh and many a tear, the good old man finished his story, by again recommending his Jessy to my friendship and care; but she died before him, and the day of her death destroyed the foundation of all his happiness.

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

(From Southey's Travels into Spain.)

I will relate to you a circumstance which occurred at Abo in Finland. You will admire the despotic justice of the magistrates. A dog, who had been run over by a carriage, crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's son, a boy of fifteen years of age, first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the miserable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought that such barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the boy to this punishment:—He was imprisoned till the following market day; then in the presence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence. "Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal who implored your assistance by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life, because you added to the torments of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the Council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes." He then hung a black board round his neck with this inscription: "A savage and inhuman young man!" and after inflicting on him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded: "Inhuman young man! you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death!—As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD,

REGENT OF FRANCE.

Louis XI. being advised to destroy the tomb of this illustrious prince, in the cathedral of Rouen, in Normandy—"with whom," as Charles the Eighth said, "was buried all the Englishman's good fortune in France"—made this noble reply:—

"What honor shall it be to us, or to you, to break this monument, and pull out of the ground the bones of him dead, whom, in his life time, neither my father, nor your progenitors with all their power, were once able to make fly one foot backward; who, by his strength, policy and wisdom, kept them all out of his principal dominions of the realm of France, and out of this noble Duchy of Normandy? where, I say first, God save his soul, and let his body remain at rest; which, when it was alive, would have dismayed the proudest of us all. And as for his tomb, I assure you it is not so worthy or magnificent as his honor and actions deserved."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

ASK not why heaves my bosom with soft sighs,
Why tears unconscious steal from my sad eyes;
Why seek me hours to pass in solitude,
Why from the world my wonted smiles exclude?—

No father's care, no mother's love I mourn,
No sister dear, no brother from me torn;
No loss of friends, no relatives lament,
No tort'ring conscience makes me penitent.

Ah! no—a diff'rent cause inflicts my breast,
Preys on my languid frame and breaks my rest;
Reflection serves but to augment my woes,
And sorrow saddens my tale to disclose.—

The glare of wealth, my parents only care,
Blasts my fond hopes and drags me to despair;
Unnat'ral parents! deaf to nature's voice,
From sordid views t'oppose fair reason's choice.

Edwin a youth of innate worth possess'd,
Had found an advocate within my breast;
Virtues the fair recommendations seed,
Discreet advice in thought, in word, and deed.

But neither genius, talents, virtue, worth,
Have charms for minds attach'd to sordid earth;
Whose ardent wish is riches to obtain,
Whose earnest pray'r is for the love of gain.

Oh why should love of wealth men's minds controul,
And drive each tender passion from the soul?
Unhappy Edwin! fortune ne'er was thine,
But in thy breast lies hid a golden mine!

Could but my parents estimate thy worth,
The virtues trace that gild thy humble birth;
Thy merit then a just reward would find,
And peace again compose my troubled mind.

Never, never will I while virtue lives,
Resign my hand on vile my heart deceits;
A wretch, who ne'er another passion felt,
Beyond what flows from wealth departing wealth.

Who, who I ask can such a being love,
Whose frigid soul no power but gold can move;
Whose marble heart ne'er felt the genial fire,
That flows from mutual love and pure desire.

Yet am I daily press'd to violate,
Love's sacred laws to gain a large estate;
To bribe my reason, blast my virgin pride;
Resign my peace, become a wretched bride!—

Deluded parents!—never can I love,
N'er could to heav'n Him you approve;
It surely ne'er could have been heav'ns design,
A savage with a gentle mind to join.

Ye happy few whom Hymen's bands unite,
Whose sympathetic souls glow with delight;
Who ne'er for gold did nature's laws betray,
But freely chose where native love led the way.

Like you ne'er will I Hymen's rites profane,
Like you will I my plighted vows maintain;
And if my parents can't my choice approve,
I'll bid adieu to Hymen and to Love.

AMANDA.

THE SAILOR.

WHEN on the gunnel of a ship,
Poor Jack was running with some flip,
There came a cruel cannon ball,
Which shot his foot off, leg and all.
Jack saw his expectations crost,
Cry'd out, "D—n me the flip is lost."

REMARKABLE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

IN the Memoirs of the Count de Maurepas, published not long ago, we find an account of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the Prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be an Hare, and would suffer no bell to be rung in his palace, lest the noise should drive him to the woods. At another time, he fancied himself to be a Fish, and as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards thought he was dead, and refused nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marechal Luxumburg:—(both deceased) and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne, also deceased. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made an hearty meal. While his disorder had its turn, he always dined in the cellar with some noble Ghost. We are also informed, that this strange malady did not incapaciate him for business, especially when his interest was concerned.

CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

NEARLY the same period of time that gave the world the important discovery of printing, saw the destruction of the Roman empire in the east. In the year 1453, the city of Constantinople was captured by the Turks, under the command of Mahomet II. after a vigorous defence of fifty-three days. The encouragement which had been shewn to the Greek professors at Florence, and the character of Cosmo de Medici, as a promoter of letters, induced many learned Greeks to seek a shelter in that city, where they met with a welcome and honorable reception. Amongst these were Demetrius Cidonadyles, Johannes Andronicus Calistus, Constantius, and Johannes Lascaris, in whom the Platonic philosophy obtained fresh partizans, and by whose support it began openly to oppose itself to that of Aristotle. Between the Greek and Italian professors a spirit of emulation was kindled that operated most favorably on the cause of letters. Public schools were instituted at Florence for the study of the Greek tongue. The facility of diffusing their labors by means of the newly discovered art of printing, stimulated the learned to fresh exertions; and in a few years the cities of Italy vied with each other in the number and elegance of works produced from the press.

LEE IN BEDLAM.

WHEN Lee, the poet was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to see him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to shew him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison—Lee moralizing philosophically enough all the time, to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended together to the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from this perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm—"Let us immortalize ourselves," he exclaimed, "let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down," said his friend, coolly, "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down, and try if we can jump up again." The madman struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap than that which he himself had proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality!

HOPELESS LOVE.

TO MISS ——

A PASSION conceal'd in my base;
It preys on my health and my peace:
I wish—— but, alas! 'tis in vain——
The thrilling sensation would cease.

Each night, when I'm call'd on to taste
The sweet, balmy cordial of sleep,
The moments I passively waste;—
Oppress'd with reflections—I weep.

And when the blithe lark quits her nest,
Call'd forth by the radiance of morn,
My sorrowing soul seeks for rest——
But, ah! no—she returns more forlorn!

Thus tortur'd and rack'd by despair,
While hope scarcely glimmers in view;
A prey to disorder and care,
To pleasure I've long bade adieu.

When my heart's dearest Nancy appears,
What soul thrilling rapures I feel;
Yet these are embitter'd by fears,
Which not ev'n her smiles can dispel.

Ah! would the dear nymph but prove kind,
And deign my fond flame to return;
Would she chase felt despair from my mind,
I then with new transports would burn.

Illusions of fancy, adieu!—
It cannot—it never will be!
Such pleasures, expected by few,
Were never intended for me!

GRATITUDE.

THERE is a species of grateful remorse which has sometimes been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the most hardened impudence. An actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was to be introduced on the stage in a very laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which attended on his wife. The doctor heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For, as the actor's wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," says the doctor "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were, however, soon checked, for the mimic told him with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to render such genuine humanity a laughing-stock to the public.

GRATITUDE is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always at our own disposal.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 6, 1805.

Twenty-eight Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 29th inst.

Letters from St. Kitts say, the island is in great alarm, in hourly dread of a visit from the French, as they say, there is no British force in those seas to oppose them.

Before the Fanny left Bordeaux, there had been a general illumination throughout France, in consequence of the Coronation of Bonaparte as King of Italy. Gaiety and liveliness were the order of the day. No noise or rumor of war was heard in the interior, while every thing indicated prosperity, happiness and peace.

ANTIGUA TAKEN.

BALTIMORE, JULY 1.

A letter received in town last evening from St. Thomas, June the 10th, states, that the combined fleets then consisted of 32 sail, one half of which went against and captured Antigua. It adds, that the harbour of St. Thomas was crouded with vessels of every description, from Antigua, waiting till the storm had subsided.

A fire broke out at Charleston, on the 15th inst. in a small house in Anson-street, near the corner of George street, which was consumed, together with twelve or fourteen small buildings, chiefly inhabited by negroes.

By the brig Georgia, from Savannah, we learn that the schooner——, Burras, had just arrived there from the W. Indies, who informed, that he fell in with 10 sail of the line, and one frigate, near Barbadoes, under the command of Lord Nelson.

On Wednesday se'nnight, (says a late London paper) as a sailor was passing through Grosvenor-square, he had the good fortune to meet with an old sweetheart, whom he had left seven years before at Taunton, Devon. The robust son of Neptune, without explaining himself, caught the girl in his arms, and kissed her most unmercifully. The girl, quite frightened, called out for help, till the tar convinced her who he was, and of his determination to make her his wife. He said he had just returned from India, with a plenty of dollars, and curse him if his poor Bet should not share them with him—it was in vain the girl begged to return to her master's house: she had, she said, something to deliver, and it would be necessary she should get her clothes. Jack would listen to nothing; but immediately called a coach, and actually forced her into it, ordering the coachman to drive to "that place near to St. Paul's, where they sold the articles of marriage; and, if the church was open, he would complete the business before it was possible for an enemy to bear down upon him and deprive him of the prize he had taken. After it was all over, (he said) his little Bet should carry home her tea and sugar, and make her master a present of her wages for staying so long."

He repeated his orders to the coachman, who drove off to the no small diversion of the persons who witnessed this singular occurrence.—The woman was by no means reluctant, and appeared as transported beyond the bounds of prudence as her eccentric lover.

COURT OF HYMEN.

GIRLS, get married—that's your plan,
Cupid will assist the plot;
Then, like me, secure your man,
Was I right, or was I not.

MARRIED,

On Saturday Evening last, by the Rev Mr. Townley, Mr. *Samuel Dyer*, to Miss *Mary Gamon*, both of this city.

On Sunday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. *John Taylor*, to Miss *Elizabeth Chatterton*, both of this city.

On Thursday Evening last, at Orange, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Hillyer, Mr. *Ezra Baldwin*, to Miss *Matilda Ramage*, both of that place.

At New-Orleans, on the 3d June, by the Rev. Father Wash, *Edward Livingston*, Esq. to Madame *Marie-Louise-Magdaleine-Faveteau-Davezac-Castra Moreau*, widow of the late Louis Moreau de Lassy.

MORTALITY.

TO die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar—
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

DIED,

At Catskill, on the 22d inst. Doct. THOMAS THOMPSON, aged 55 years.

At Savannah, the Rev. ROBERT KERR, minister of the Scottish Presbyterian church, aged 52 years.

On his passage from St. Croix to New-York, Mr. ARCHIBALD HOWELL, of this city, after an illness of five days.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 BROAD-STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he continues to receive Commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

*** A few Servants on the Books, well recommended.

May 25, 1805. 855. tf.

TO PRINTERS.

A Font of Long-Primer, about half worn, for sale at this office, cheap for cash.

Just received,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE BEST

RHEUMATIC OINTMENT.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

An elegant edition of the DEATH OF ABEL, in five books, from the German of Gessner; with a beautiful likeness of the Author.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,

FIVE DOORS EAST OF BEEKMAN-SLIP.

G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of his friends, and the public, to his Circulating Library.

The collection now offered, (of Novels only) though small is well chosen; and to which if encouragement offers, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit, as soon as they appear. Catalogues, delivered gratis.

For sale as above a handsome assortment of Book and Stationary. March 23 1805.

COURT OF APOLLO.

A LITTLE POEM.

I AM a very little man,
And have a little wife,
A little boy, and little girl,
The blessings of my life.

In a very little cot we live,
With very little state;
But little tho' my household be,
My happiness is great.

I'm little older than my wife,
Who's little more than twenty;
And tho' but little wealth we have,
Content makes little plenty.

Unto the bounteous Lord of all
Our daily thanks express;
How peacefully we pass our lives,
In happy littleness.

Let others envy scepter'd kings;
I covet not their lot:
More real pleasure I enjoy
In my own little cot.

ANECDOTE.

A clergyman espied in a poor laborer's garden ten bee hives; tenacious of his tythes, he exclaimed, "John, so you have got ten bee hives, one I claim as rector of the parish, see you bring it to my house." The man shortly after took it, and, on his arrival at the rector's, was ordered to carry it into the garden: "No," says he, "where's master?" On being shewn into the parlor, where the Reverend Divine sat, "here," said he, "I've brought your bees, but the hive's mine, for d—n me but I gave two pence for it." He then shook out the bees, combs, &c. from the hive, and carried it off with him; and left the parson to make the best he could of the industrious and enraged insects.

Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street, to No. 13 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purpose of nature. And so near in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the highest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 13 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delightful sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

March 2, 1805. 843 tf

MORALIST.

ON DEATH.

BY an unalterable decree of Heaven, "it is appointed to all men once to die; and we are daily so surrounded with accidents out of the common road to the grave, that it is rather a wonder we should live a day, than linger out threescore years. Death mocks and derides the most prudent care and foresight of the Wisest mortals that endeavor to avoid it, by hastening their ends by the same means they thought to prevent it. The only way not to be surprised by death, is to be always provided to die, for then it never can come too soon.

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory (the Golden Rose) No 214 Broad-way opposite the City Hotel.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted & cotton Garters.

Smith's purified Chimical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chemical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 8s. per square.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses for well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 12s. and 18s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s. and 6d per lb.

Violet, double fine cold Rose at and 6d.

Smith's favoynette royal paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s and 8s per pot do. paste.

Smith's chimical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of faces scented Wafers and Essences, with every artiele necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes—Almond powder for the skin, 8s lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chimical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

*** THE best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissar, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. ☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

Ladies and Gentlemens pocket books.

Books and *Stationary*

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,
NEATLY BOUND,
For some years back, for sale at this Office.

LITERATURE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Beecker-Street as usual, and will open another the first of May in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Street, now occupied by Mr. Whipps. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction peculiarly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality, and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy and there with a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and Pear trees. W. D. LEZELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Releases, Powers, Bonds, &c. upon the most reasonable terms.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON & WOOLEN DYER, & CALLICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-Street.

CLEANS and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemens Clothes. Silk Stockings and Camel hair shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a HOT CALLENDER. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendared, and Blankets scoured. Bed Ticking Blue upon Cotton and Linnen; Dyer fluffs for sale.

June 1 1805. 858, 1y.

SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

Public Sealer of Weights, Measures, Scale Beams, and Yards; No. 250 Water Street, four doors west of Peck-Slip. Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and sheet iron ware, and keeps on hand a general assortment of Scales, Weights & Measures with a variety of Japanned, Pewter, and hollow ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures adjusted and sealed on a short notice.

March 26, 1805. 1y.548.

NOTICE.

The creditors of John Old, and Gilbert Purdy, insolvent debtors, confined in the goal of the county of Bergen, are hereby notified that the judges of the inferior Court of Common Pleas of said county, have appointed to meet at the Court House in New-Barbadoes in said county, on the twenty ninth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to hear what can be alledged for or against the liberation of the said debtors, pursuant to the laws of New-Jersey in such case made and provided, and agreeable to the petition of the said insolvents.

JOHN OLD,
GILBERT PURDY.

Bergen County Goal, June 17, 1805. 859. 6.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

A large supply of the best Holland QUILLS, by the thousand, hundred or quarter.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.